

Fireboy by Xanthe



<http://www.xanthe.org/fireboy/>

Story Notes:

Notes: Not beta'd so all mistakes, anglicisms etc are mine :-)

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This is a little spanky fic that I started months ago and just found today and decided to finish off. It's a standalone and isn't set in any of my other West Wing universes.

Chapter 1 by Xanthe

"This could be worse," Sam said, surveying the smouldering logs in the grate of the fireplace, as all around them the fire alarm pealed out.

"How?" Josh asked, sinking his hands into his coat pockets and glancing around, wishing fervently that the damn alarm would stop soon.

"Well, Leo could walk in at this precise moment in time having been fully briefed about the fact that we started an unauthorized fire in the fireplace of the historic Mural Room of the White House," Sam said.

“Uh huh.” Josh nodded, glancing over Sam’s shoulder towards the door.

“Okay.” Sam blinked. “Leo just walked in having been fully briefed about the fact that we started an unauthorized fire in the fireplace of the historic mural room of the White House, didn’t he?” Sam said.

“Yes he did,” Leo said from the doorway. “You two. My office. Now.”

“Explain to me again how this could be worse?” Josh whispered to Sam as they strode along the corridor after Leo.

“There’s no need to panic,” Sam told him. “We’ll just explain to him that it was very cold in here today and the heating wasn’t working and so we took it upon ourselves to provide more comfortable working conditions by starting a small, controlled fire in the Mural Room fireplace. We couldn’t possibly have known that the flue has been closed since 1886.”

“Well we could have known that if we’d just read the inscription on the plaque above the fireplace,” Josh pointed out.

“That also is true.” Sam nodded. “We’re screwed.”

“So, you tried to set fire to the White House.” Leo held the door to his office open for them to walk through and then slammed it shut behind them, making Josh jump.

“Well, technically speaking…” Sam began. Josh nudged him in the ribs. “Yes,” Sam agreed.

“We were cold,” Josh said quickly, by way of explanation. Leo sat down at his desk with a heavy sigh.

“And you couldn’t have waited a couple of hours for the heating to be repaired?” He asked, with a raised eyebrow.

“Obviously not – although clearly that’s exactly what we should have done,” Sam said in a conciliatory tone.

“I know it’s the holidays and we’re a bit more casual around here during the holidays but that doesn’t mean you get to boy-scout around the place starting fires!” Leo exclaimed. “Now I have to call in the historic restoration people to make sure we’re repairing the damage properly and the insurance company and god knows who else to say nothing of the report I’ll have to put in front of the President. I could spend the next two weeks filling in forms. What on earth possessed you two to pull a stunt like this?”

“Sheer stupidity,” Sam said quickly.

“We’re sorry, Leo.” Josh glanced at his shoes and then up at his boss with what he hoped was a boyishly apologetic look. Leo glared at him. Josh thought that maybe he needed to

spend some time perfecting his boyishly apologetic look.

“Can you give me **any** reason why I shouldn’t give you two a damn good spanking for this?” Leo asked.

“Uh, because corporal punishment isn’t an approved method for disciplining government employees?” Sam supplied helpfully. Josh couldn’t help grinning. Leo glared at him again.

“Thank you, Sam,” Leo ground out. “I was talking metaphorically but now you’ve got me thinking. I’m sure it would only take a word or two in the right ear – maybe the ear of a President who was forced to evacuate a nice, warm, comfortable bed owing to a fire alarm – to get the law changed on that.”

“Leo, I think we must be wary of implementing knee jerk laws in a reactionary attempt to...”

“Sam!” Leo snapped.

“Right. Yes.” Sam nodded.

“I have a heavy wooden ruler in my desk drawer, Sam. Don’t tempt me,” Leo warned. Sam nodded again. Josh gave a snort of amusement and then wished he hadn’t as the full force of Leo’s baleful glare was directed at him. “And you can stop smirking, Josh,” he added.

“Yes, Leo.” Josh nodded vigorously, trying hard not to grin.

“Sam, did you know that there are a group of people in this country who have compiled a dossier of all the President’s speeches in chronological order of when they were delivered and who have worked out a code using every 5th letter in those speeches to show that the President is an emissary from another planet come to warn us that the world will end in the year 2012?” Leo said unexpectedly. Sam blinked.

“I didn’t know that, Leo, no.”

“Well you do now. Here’s the file of their ‘evidence’.” Leo pulled an enormous file out from a pile on his desk. “Take it away, look at it, and then draft them as polite a response as you can manage.” He dumped the huge file in Sam’s arms with a satisfied look. Josh snorted again.

“Why me?” Sam protested.

Leo raised an incredulous eyebrow.

“You did write most of the speeches, Sam,” Josh pointed out. “So if anyone’s to blame for this world-ending, every 5th letter, code thing it’s you. What do you know about the President that we don’t, Sam?”

“I...but this is...Leo – this is a cruel and unnatural punishment!” Sam wailed, gazing at the

enormous file in horror. "It was only a small fire," he added pathetically.

"Sam – ruler, desk drawer, new law regarding discipline of government employees," Leo said crisply.

Sam blinked again. "Understood," he said, clasping the enormous file in both arms and turning to go. "It'll be a pleasure to draft a response to these lovely people who have taken the time and trouble to study my speeches in such detail," he said, and, with a strained smile in Josh's direction, he left the room with as much dignity as he could muster.

"So that leaves you," Leo commented, gazing at his Deputy thoughtfully. Josh grinned.

"You can spank me if you like, Leo. I'm up for it!" He declared happily.

Leo gazed at him steadily.

"Or not," Josh sighed, crestfallen. "Was it too early in our relationship for me to reveal that I have a kinky side?" He added. Leo shook his head.

"Why am I not surprised?" he growled. "Okay, you - just go back to your office and keep out of trouble."

"That's it? No threats about the ruler?" Josh shook his head sadly. "Sam gets all the luck."

"Go," Leo said firmly, sitting down at his desk and picking up his glasses.

"This is because of the PTSD isn't it?" Josh asked, the bantering tone leaving his voice. "Leo, I'm fine – and the fire was as much my idea as it was Sam's."

"I know." Leo began scanning the documents on his desk with a distracted air.

"So..." Josh stood there uncertainly.

"Josh – it's only been a week since you deliberately put your hand through a window. I'm actually relieved that this week you're only starting fires," Leo said softly. "You've worried us all lately – today you seem...more like yourself again. If a small fire in the Mural Room is the price we pay for you getting back to normal then I, for one, am happy to pay it."

Josh gave a little smile, and gazed at Leo for a long moment. "So..." He cleared his throat. "Can I come to your hotel later?" He flushed – their relationship was still relatively new and while he would happily spend every single night with Leo he didn't want to seem like he was coming on too strong.

"Yeah..." Leo smiled and then he frowned. "No," he sighed. "I'm seeing Ben and Sally for dinner tonight. Come tomorrow night."

"Okay." Josh gave a wide, heartfelt smile and left the room.

“I brought wine – well I brought wine for me and water for you,” Josh said the following evening, standing on the threshold of Leo’s suite.

“Great. I feel so spoiled,” Leo commented, allowing him into the room and shutting the door behind him. “Chocolates would have killed you?”

“I didn’t think of chocolates.” Josh stood there with a hangdog expression on his face. “I thought of flowers but then I thought they might be a bit too, well, girly.”

“You think?” Leo grunted. Then he took hold of Josh by the shoulders, pulled him close, and gave him a warm, exploratory kiss. Josh melted into him with a happy sigh, still barely able to believe that something this good was happening to him. He had adored Leo from afar for years, but after he had been shot a few months previously something had changed. Leo had made a point of visiting his Deputy at least once a day – dropping in on him on his way either to or from work, keeping Josh in the loop, telling him about the day to day goings on in the West Wing. It had been a lifeline for Josh and he’d found himself looking forward to those daily visits with growing excitement. Much as he’d longed to go back to work, he found that once he returned to the office he missed the exclusivity and one to one of those daily visits – he had really gotten to know Leo during those half hourly chats, had got to see the man behind the Chief of Staff, and before long his crush on his boss had developed into full blown love. Three weeks after returning to work, he missed those private chats so much that he had found himself going to Leo’s hotel one evening. He was lost in his own feelings, and while he was sure his rational mind was telling him that this was a very bad idea, he wasn’t the least bit interested in his rational mind so he’d ignored it. He had no idea what Leo had made of him appearing on his doorstep in a disheveled state muttering about some pseudo-work problem but Leo had been kind enough to invite him in and once inside Josh had blurted out his feelings and then stood there, pathetically, not entirely sure what to expect – although being grabbed and kissed firmly hadn’t been anywhere close. They had been seeing each other discreetly ever since and, as far as their relationship went, Josh had never been happier in his life.

This evening, Leo had changed out of his work suit and into a pair of navy blue chinos and a buttermilk colored shirt. He looked good enough to eat so Josh hoped they wouldn’t spend too much time on actual food before moving on to what he considered to be the main course. He gazed at Leo hungrily as they ate, still barely able to believe his luck that Leo took the remotest interest in him. There was very little about Leo that he didn’t love, from the other man’s sharp intellect, to the soft, caring side that he kept carefully hidden under that steely gaze and wily political persona.

They finished their coffee and then Leo got up and went to stand behind his lover, resting a hand on Josh’s shoulder.

“So...my little pyromaniac,” he purred into Josh’s ear. Josh laughed out loud.

“Oh god...please, Leo. I’m so sorry about that...” he began, but Leo stopped him by sliding his hand gently over his mouth and pulling his head back so that it was resting against his

chest.

"I never did punish you for that fire, did I?" Leo continued, his tones warm, rich and utterly seductive. He released Josh's mouth and gazed at him with a sly grin teasing the corners of his mouth.

"Uh..." Josh found himself gazing at Leo upside down, his heart beating too fast. "You didn't, no, Leo."

"I think that spanking is overdue," Leo murmured. Josh's heart now did a flip of sheer excitement.

"Yes, Leo," he agreed, barely sure he was breathing. "Please," he added, just so that Leo would know how much he was turned on by this.

Leo laughed and tangled his hand in Josh's hair. He pulled Josh's head back, kissed him firmly on the lips, and then released him. "Get into the bedroom, fireboy, and get your pants off," he ordered. Josh nearly fell over his feet in his eagerness to get up and get into the next room. He shucked off his pants and then stood there, feeling stupid, in his underwear, socks and shoes. Leo walked into the bedroom a second later and surveyed him with a raised eyebrow.

"Okay, implicit in the command 'get your pants off' is also 'and your underwear'," Leo told him.

"I knew that!" Josh exclaimed. "I was just...dithering."

Leo gazed at him speculatively. "You sure you want to do this, Josh?" He asked suddenly, sitting down on the side of the bed. "I mean, I'm up for it, but it's your call."

Josh's underwear, socks and shoes were discarded at the speed of light and within seconds he had thrown himself over Leo's lap.

"I'm definitely up for it, Leo," he reassured his surprised lover. He heard Leo give a wry grunt of amusement.

"Yeah, I can feel that, Josh," he said, moving his thighs to imprison Josh's desperately straining cock. Josh relaxed, sighing, as Leo started caressing his buttocks. "So, what do you think the penalty should be for attempting to burn down the White House?" He asked, his hand still stroking Josh's bottom softly. Josh moaned – Leo smacked his ass firmly.

"Uh, very severe, Leo," Josh replied quickly.

"Oh yeah. *Very* severe," Leo said sternly, in a tone of voice that made Josh tingle all over. "I'm not going to stop until this ass has been thoroughly punished, Josh – and that might take a very long time."

Josh didn't say anything but he couldn't help hoping that a very long time was exactly what it would take. He loved the feeling of being draped over Leo's knees, his arms resting on the bed, his bottom vulnerable and exposed. It was utterly erotic and made him feel totally uninhibited in a way that took him by surprise. He hadn't been lying to Leo about his kinky streak – but he'd rarely done more than joke about it before. He'd never been in the kind of relationship where he'd dared take it further. Now he was as aroused as all hell to find Leo seemed to share his kink. Josh gave a startled gasp as Leo delivered a light but firm smack to his bottom, and then he relaxed and rested his head on his arms, grinning to himself.

Leo smacked his bottom gently for several minutes until Josh knew it had to be glowing rosily, and then the smacks got harder and then harder still until Josh was wriggling and squirming under the onslaught. Yet still he didn't ask Leo to stop – he liked the fact that Leo was disciplining him, liked the sense of being in Leo's thrall, half naked and utterly abandoned to his lover. There was something so erotic and intimate about it, as well as something intrinsically loving; Josh didn't think he'd ever felt more loved in his life than he did at this moment in time. Only someone who truly cared about him would have understood how much he needed this right now – and been prepared to give it to him. All the West Wing staff had been treating Josh with kid gloves since his PTSD had been diagnosed a week before – only Leo wasn't treating him as if he was made of some kind of fragile glass. Leo knew what he wanted and was prepared to give it to him without making a big deal out of it – and only Leo was strong enough to be this tough with him. Leo understood – he'd been there himself with the difficulties in his own life. He knew that there was only so far you could go with tiptoeing around people and sometimes you had to get closer, and dig deeper.

Josh wasn't sure when the tears started but at some point he found himself crying and a few seconds after that he found himself in Leo's arms, sobbing noisily into Leo's shirt. He wasn't in pain, and he felt happier than he had done for many months so he wasn't entirely sure why he was sobbing – just that it felt very good to let it all go, to let the barriers down and give way to the raw emotions that had been consuming him for so long. A few months ago he had been shot and had nearly died, and now he was finally able to cry out the fear, frustration and sheer horror of that event, cradled safely in the arms of his lover, out of harm's way.

At long last he cried himself out and then sat, exhausted, in Leo's lap, half of his long body stretched out on the bed, the other half nestled against Leo's chest. Leo was stroking his hair softly, not saying anything.

"Sorry. I have no idea why I'm crying...that was so good," Josh sniffed apologetically.

"You were like a dam – something needed to break. This seemed like as good a way as any to make it happen," Leo murmured, still caressing his hair gently with his fingers.

"Thank you," Josh said softly and profoundly, thinking that those two words didn't go anywhere near expressing just how much he meant that sentiment. Leo just smiled at him, seeming to understand anyway.

Catharsis, Josh thought to himself as Leo rolled him tenderly onto the bed and started kissing him. After all the confusion of the past few weeks, when he hadn't even been sure he was sane, when he'd worried that he might do something stupid, when he'd behaved irrationally and worried everyone around him - after all that, tonight had been a catharsis. Leo had given him a chance to let his guard down and allow his emotions to show, and, as a result, Josh felt relaxed in a way he hadn't since before the shooting at Rosslyn. He felt warm and happy and his body felt boneless and relaxed. He reached for Leo eagerly, his arousal warming him as much as his glowing ass.

"Now," Leo purred as he made love to him. "If you promise me you won't go setting fire to any more historic buildings, I'll promise you a spanking every time you want one. Do we have a deal?"

Josh laughed and pressed up against Leo's body. "Oh yeah!" He agreed happily. "We definitely have a deal, Leo."

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